THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

VOL. III.—NO. 10. ONEIDA, N. Y., MARCH 7, 1878. $2.00 per year in Advance. Single copies Five Cents.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

Published every Thursday.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.00.
Postage Free to Subscribers in the United States.
One Year to England, France, or Germany, postage included, $3.00.

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Single insertion, ten cents per line, Nonpareil scale; eight words making a line, and twelve lines an inch. Reduction for subsequent insertions. Send for special rates.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it "first best" of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"**The American Socialist,** Oneida, N. Y."

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MALTHUSIAN FACTS.

Of all the objectors to the Malthusian theory none have had the hardihood to deny the force of the fundamental principle on which it is based, viz., that population tends to increase in a geometrical ratio while subsistence can only increase arithmetically. Thus if we investigate the growth of population in a new country, where the soil is productive and not all brought under cultivation, while those peaceable conditions prevail which make pioneering easy and attractive, we shall find that the population doubles itself by natural increase as often as once in twenty-five years; sometimes in even a less time. At the time Malthus wrote, in the beginning of this century, the United States was the only country which presented the above conditions on an extensive scale, and the figures showing its growth in population excited a lively interest among European political economists.

Malthus acknowledges that several writers had pointed out the consequences of this rapid growth in its relation to subsistence, among whom was our Benjamin Franklin. Malthus condensed into a coherent argument an idea which was floating in the literature of the time and was making its own way to recognition as a self-evident truth. The territory of the United States is so vast that even the process of doubling every twenty-five years could not take it all up in the first half of the century; so the effects to be apprehended from reaching the limits of subsistence sank out of the minds of all but a few theorists. Meanwhile, in the seventy-five years since Malthus wrote the process of doubling has gone on with only slightly diminished speed, the deficiencies being made up by immigration from the surplus of European States. The figures stand thus in round numbers:

Population of the United States.

1800	5,300,000
1825	11,000,000
1850	23,000,000
1875	44,000,000

If this process should be kept up the population of the United States in 1900 will be nearly 90,000,000. This will be in the time of those now living. It is an interesting question to consider whether or not the rate of increase is to be checked, and if so by what causes.

The whole English-speaking race (including Americans and all the colonies of Great Britain) has in the same period from 1800 to 1875 doubled at the rate of once in 37½ years. In 1800 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was about 16,000,000. The United States and Canada brought it up to about 22,000,000. The Australian Colonies were then insignificant. In 1875 the same English-speaking races numbered about 88,000,000. In 75 years they had quadrupled. The emigration from Germany to America introduced a trifling error; but in the same time the German-speaking races have increased from 27,000,000 to 65,000,000.

The English and German-speaking races combined have increased from 50,000,000 in 1800, to 153,000,000 in 1875.

How far have the possibilities of subsistence increased in these seventy-five years and how far can they be expected to increase in the future? We will answer these questions in another article; and in still another, we propose to present some curious facts about France, bearing on the population question in a way somewhat exceptional.

THE theologians who have persuaded themselves that men have no cause to dread the old-fashioned hell, and little cause to dread future punishment of any kind, are left without excuse for not devoting themselves to the improvement of the conditions of mankind in this world. Here is an immense field for their labor, and their every talent ought to be fully exercised upon it. The positive evils that face us every-where and at all times can not be reasoned away nor ignored. There are a great many tophets in this world at least, and those who don't believe there is any in the next can be single-eyed in their efforts to abolish them.

FOURIERANA.

Selections from the Harbinger, Phalanx and other Publications of the Fourier Epoch.

XI.

"An undevout *Associationist* is mad." He who would redeem all Christendom from its practical blasphemy, its legalized wars, monopolies and slavery, whereby the many bleed, or drudge, or starve, that the few may prosper and believe themselves good Christians; he who would make it Christendom indeed, and help to construct an order of society so much better than civilization as to be worthy and able to embrace the *whole* population of the globe; he who would so reconcile conflicting interests and organize the daily labors and affairs of life, that there should really be some room and breathing-space for generous feelings and pure aspirations, which there is not now,—some possibility of carrying into practice what the heart approves and would forever cherish but for the anti-Christian necessities imposed on all of us by a false system of society—must surely feel the weight of a religious obligation resting upon him, must own a deep responsibility to God for knowledge and for faith so precious. He must go earnestly, religously to work. If he had never seen a church, or heard the voice of prayer and consecration in his life before, the tendency of such thoughts and aims as he now cherishes would be to impart the rhythm of a devout and earnest joy to his whole consciousness and to his every movement, and to render his whole soul congenial with all things truly sacred.

And such, as we have often said, has been the experience of those who in this country have become deeply interested in the Associative cause. They feel the need of consecrating themselves to this work, which to them is verily the great work of God in this our age, by purifying and refreshing acts of worship, and by the quickening reception of devout and inspired words at stated times into hearts too prone to temporary coldness and discouragement.—*J. S. Dwight.*

The *Christian World* argues that the poor exist in this world in order to "afford opportunities for a generous and all-comprehensive sympathy." Poverty is thus a divine institution, and the authority of the Savior is brought in to show that it is a permanent one! If poverty is of God's appointment, it is certainly strange that the devout in general are so anxious to escape from its blessings, and so unwilling to provide for their fellow Christians the occasion of bringing their virtues into exercise. "Poverty," concludes the *World*, "has a great lesson to teach;" this is true, but the *World* does not seem to understand that the lesson of poverty is that Society is upside down, and that it is the duty of Christians to institute such an organization of labor as that every man shall do his share of the world's work, and receive no more than his share of the profits. This will put an end to poverty, and leave no opportunity for *that* blasphemy which makes God the author and Christ the apostle of pauperism.—*C. A. Dana.*

Do you say that Human Nature is too depraved to permit the realization of our ideal of Association? Then let regenerated *Christian* nature teach it how. Do you object to our *means* for effecting the desired renovation? Then devise better and commend them to general adoption as early and earnestly as possible. Do not stand quarreling with us about our way, but propound your own better way and push it forward. It must by this time be evident to all that new instrumentalities, new ideas, are essential to the realization of that equal right to life, liberty, and happiness proclaimed in our Declaration of Independence and aspired to by the benevolent all over the world. Still the dark dens of ignorance and the foul haunts of sin cluster in the shadow of our moss-covered churches; still crime and pauperism are advancing in this favored land of light and liberty; still millions toil for the most meagre subsistence, constantly haunted by the fear that the opportunity to toil will be withdrawn and all means of earning a liveli-

hood denied them; still we see that radical injustice and strong temptations to crime are interwoven in the whole framework of society. Men who say you love God and your neighbor! stay not to differ with us, but grapple with this mountain of abuses, resolving that it shall be destroyed.

Alas! appeals more moving, though not more earnest than ours, have fallen but on faithless and stony hearts! From the spectacle of this wounded, bleeding body of humanity, the Priest and the Levite pass coldly by on the other side, muttering that man was born to suffer and that wrong and woe must continue to the end of the world. They leave to despised Samaritans and sinners the task of binding up these ghastly wounds and striving in their best way to heal them. Heaven grant that these may be found worthy to endure obloquy and calumny, loss of friends and of wealth, so that theirs may be the true honor of having done or suffered something to promote the great cause of man's universal well-being.

—*Horace Greeley.*

WHAT WE WISH.

We wish to see every child enjoying the benefit of an education adapted to his physical, social, and spiritual nature, which shall secure to him the possession of health, industrial skill, intellectual development, and beauty of character.

We wish to see him surrounded with influences which shall call forth the purest and kindest affections of his heart, relieve him from anxiety for temporal welfare, stimulate him to productive labor, and develop the highest energy of his mind and body.

We wish to see families dwelling in salubrious and convenient edifices, enjoying the beauty and magnificence of nature in a highly cultivated country, united by the ties of friendship and common interest, gaining an ample subsistence by regular, systematic labor, and freed by general abundance from all temptation to injure or defraud each other.

We wish for a prevalence of a pure religion in the human heart, called forth by daily experience of the goodness of the Divine Being.

We wish for the prevalence of a pure morality founded on the supremacy of the Spiritual over the Material, and the subordination of the Individual to the Collective interests.

These are our aims in our labors for the reörganization of society. Do you not bid us God-speed? Then you care more for the welfare of your sect, your party, or yourself, than for the redemption of Humanity. With such purposes, every lover of Humanity must feel himself bound to give us a free stage and full opportunity, though he may not be convinced of the efficacy of our methods.—*Geo. Ripley.*

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XXV.

CHARACTER OF THE PEASANTRY.

I had resolved to become more intimate with the peasantry in the neighborhood, and visited their cabins and found many interesting traits and circumstances to account for their discontent and resistance.

Tenderness and hospitality are marked characteristics of the native Irish. On entering the cabins in the district I found the manners of the people naturally easy in receiving a stranger. In England if a person enters into a house or cottage where he is unknown he is received with a stare of surprise and a scrutinizing gaze of doubt before he feels at ease. In the south of Ireland if a stranger goes into a cabin where he is unknown he will be received with a *Cead mille fealte*—a hundred thousand welcomes, or, "God save you kindly!" in return for the salutation of "God save all here!"

The poor laborer who has only sixpence for his day's toil, and potatoes for himself and children, will offer the best in his pot to his guest, and the ease and earnestness with which he manifests his hospitality are pleasing features which show that he feels on an equality with his visitor, and his kindness confirms the impression.

The political antipathies of the Irishman are natural. He loves the green hills of Erin, while he remembers that his country has been invaded and his chiefs oppressed by the Saxon-English. I met with peasants and small farmers who pointed to lands and castles once held by a chief or Milesian prince of their own name. The lands were in the possession of strangers and the castles in ruins. Their bards and their traditions have kept alive the memories of their freedom and independence before they saw *Clann nan Gall*, the Sons of Strangers, among them.

The national poetry of the Celtic tribes had a vast influence on their habits of thought and action, as their feelings were awakened and their passions aroused against the Sassenach.

Spencer, speaking in the days of Elizabeth, said:

"The bards set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rhythms, which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them that none dare displease them for fear to run into reproach through their offense, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men, for their verses are taken up with a general applause and usually sung at all feasts and meetings."

The Irish have for many centuries been placed in peculiar circumstances: they have been often deceived, and it was natural for them to be jealous of strangers; but where their confidence is secured they are enthusiastic, credulous and patriotic, so that they are ready to abandon themselves to the guidance of men of talent, and elevate them as leaders.

The Irish have some vanity, and like the French are fond of display. They possess warm affections, strong partialities and prejudices. In ordinary circumstances their sympathy is easily secured, but they manifest violent hatreds and bitter resentments. They are kind, generous and ardent with their friends, but cunning, deceitful and vindictive toward their enemies. They are prone to extremes, both in their impulsive affections and their violent hatreds. I have seen shelallahs brandished over broken heads, laid aside from some slight cause, and the reconciled antagonists kissing each other in sign of peace—pledged in potheen.

ROUND TOWERS AND RUINS.

Ireland is one of the most remarkable countries in Europe for ruins. Round Towers, with their seven Churches, old Castles and ruined Abbeys abound. The Towers or Pillar-Temples are supposed to be the remains of temples built by the Phœnicians or fire-worshippers from the East; others are viewed as Druidical remains, and the old Castles as the homes of the Celtic kings or Milesian princes, and as defenses against the inroads of the Danes and each other, while the extension of Christianity multiplied the churches, many of which are in ruins. The Castles and Round Towers are often picturesque objects. Bunratty Castle, which is only three miles distant from the Old Castle at Ralahine, is nearly covered with ivy and surrounded by the myrtle flourishing in the open air around it. The latter Castle was situated in a desolate scene of rocky surroundings, unsuited to tillage, a solitary memento of the past.

The Pillar-Temples when seen at a distance look like lofty columns. Their height varies. Those that are most perfect are 100 to 120 feet high and from 40 to 50 feet in circumference, with a diameter of from 12 to 15 feet. They are hollow, with a narrow door-way about ten feet from the ground. Near the top are four narrow little window-holes, facing the four cardinal points, north, south, east and west. There are more than one hundred scattered over the island. Similar pillars have been found in Persia. Seven Churches are sometimes found near the Round Towers, as on Scattery Island in the Shannon, and at Glendalough in county Wicklow.

These venerable Round Towers and ruined Castles are associated in the minds of the people with the ancient glories of Innisfail, and tales of war and romantic legends of the days of old. The numerous ruins are landmarks that serve as texts in the traditionary history of their political sufferings, the confiscation of estates, and the forcible possession by the Saxon stranger. The sufferings in time of peace were sometimes recited in contrast with the light of other days. The people in rags, and the old castles in ruins, the tenants ejected from their holdings, and many leaving the land in mournful emigration, made the picture a melancholy one. Many old families could produce records of the changes that had been wrought in their fortunes. Mr. O'Connor, the learned Irish antiquary, was accustomed to relate, as his biographer tells us, that his father, after the Revolution, was obliged to plow his own fields, and would often say to his sons: "Boys, you must not be insolent to the poor; I am the son of a gentleman, but ye are the children of a plowman."

It was impossible not to sympathize with the patriotic feelings of the people when their emotions were awakened in connection with their past history and the present condition of the country.

I sometimes think, when I look around upon the community and see the selfishness and lack of consideration that make so much trouble and misery; when I see the absence of conscience and the want of generosity in public and in private life; when I see young married people—nourished upon a diluted "culture," and trained in a sentimental and bogus spirituality—breaking up their homes and forgetting their solemn vows of companionship and protection as soon as they discover that life is a more serious business than they had imagined; —when I see all this, I sometimes think that after two or three centuries more of such criticism and despisal as Christianity is getting nowadays, the world will awake to the fact that there is something in it, after all.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE INDUSTRIAL HOME COMPANY.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I take great pleasure in being able to say to those who have taken an interest in the effort made through the SOCIALIST to unite the means and strength of the progressive men and women among your readers, who were willing to risk something in an effort to establish a UNITARY HOME, that the work has received a great and unexpected impetus recently, and is about to become an accomplished fact. The munificent subscription of Col. Edward Daniels of a large landed estate admirably suited to the purpose, accompanied by an earnest invitation to visit him, examine the property and form the acquaintance of Judge Durant and other friends of the cause living there, induced me to spend last week in a visit to Washington and the farm in Virginia. I found Col. Daniels to be a very intelligent, active, enterprising man, thoroughly in earnest about this work, ready to give his time, his fortune and his whole heart to its accomplishment. With a very large acquaintance and influence, particularly among members of the press, having been engaged as editor and correspondent of various papers for many years, his position is such that he can aid very materially in building up an enterprise of this kind after it is started.

I found the farm beautifully located on the banks of the Potomac, and elevated from fifty to one hundred feet above tide-water, affording a magnificent view of the river and bay adjoining, which are two or three miles wide at this point. The farm is very level bottom-land, most of which can be cultivated under the plow. The soil is a sandy loam, free from stones, well calculated for market-gardening and fruit-growing. About three hundred acres are under cultivation, and there are extensive young orchards of peaches, pears and apples just come into bearing. There is, belonging to the farm, an extensive and valuable fishery, that will furnish profitable employment to a number of men part of the year, and a wharf where the daily steamer to and from Washington lands. An almost inexhaustible supply of manure can be obtained in Washington, and brought to the place by boat very cheaply; and a large share of the land converted into a rich market garden very soon and at small expense. The products of such a garden would find ready sale in Washington at remunerative prices, and can be transported there very cheaply by boat. The old mansion on the place, formerly the residence of Gov. Mason of Virginia, will serve well for a temporary dwelling for a company until they are able to build one larger and better suited to their wants, mainly with their own labor, from lumber and bricks manufactured on the place.

After examining the land, the location and the man, with the eye of a practical Yankee and man of business, I decided to join Col. Daniels and move on to his place with my associates who desire to go with me, and to recommend the friends of the cause to concentrate their means and their efforts at this point; join us and build up here a pioneer home that will prove to the world that intelligent, skillful persons who are willing to work can keep themselves constantly employed, raising what they need to eat, and making what they need to wear and use; that none need be idle while there is any thing wanted to make them more comfortable and happy that skill and labor will produce. With this end in view I spent two days with Col. Daniels preparing an agreement and a practical plan for accomplishing this object. The plan is embraced in a set of by-laws for a company formed under the charter already procured by the friends at Washington. These by-laws, with the essential points of the charter and a prospectus setting forth the object, purpose and prospects of the Company, have been printed, and will be sent to all those who have sent me their names as willing to take an interest in an enterprise of this kind, and will be sent to all applicants who write for it. I trust that the plan and by-laws will appear feasible and meet the approbation of all friends of the cause, and that they will unite in one strong, vigorous effort that will insure success to the enterprise. A number of liberal subscriptions for stock have come in since the last list was published in the SOCIALIST, making an

amount sufficient to warrant us in commencing operations on the farm at once, which we propose to do, putting in the crops this spring. Myself and associates will be able to furnish all the furniture, bedding and cooking utensils for a large number of persons, with some machinery and stock for carrying on the manufacturing business that the company propose to do in a new factory building of moderate size, which they intend to erect at the wharf on the place during the summer, and start up in the fall; but as we start out with the fixed determination never to incur any debts, and to pay for all we buy on the spot, we must be limited in our operations at first by the amount of capital raised. There will be room and work on the place for a number of new working members of the right sort at once, both male and female; and if any of your readers desire to join us they should apply at once before all the vacant places are taken. We expect to move on to the place within a month, as the farm and garden work commences much earlier there than in this locality. Col. Daniels and family will continue to reside in their place at Washington for the present, as the house-room on the farm will be somewhat limited at first, until additional buildings are put up. Persons desiring the prospectus, charter and by-laws of the new Company, which is to be called the Industrial Home Company, should address me at Springfield, Vt., previous to March 15, and after that date, Industrial Home Company, at Ionia, Fairfax Co., Va. A meeting of the stockholders will be called at an early day to elect permanent officers and adopt the by-laws.

Yours truly, JOEL A. H. ELLIS.

RATIONAL FUNERALS.

BY ELDER F. W. EVANS.

A year or two ago the AMERICAN SOCIALIST published an article upon "Shaker Burials." It has been going the rounds of the press ever since. A few weeks ago the *New York Times* had a cleverly-written burlesque of the same of two columns. Now the *Pittsfield Eagle* republishes the original article with some happy remarks. It says:

"The coffins of the Shakers are made of good pine timber, with neither paint nor veneering, varnish, glittering metal nor any ornamentation whatever about them. A pane of glass near the head of the coffin permits the friends to take a last look upon the face of the dead; and the pall is a simple white cloth. The funeral discourse consists of a few kindly words for the good the departed had done, or of candid criticism of faults and weaknesses, that others might know how to avoid them. It would be a great relief to the poor and middle classes to have Shaker funerals become as popular as Shaker brooms and garden-seeds."

Generations who have drawn their sustenance from the earth should contribute at death to the support of those who follow after. Burial grounds should be converted into public parks; the graves twenty feet apart, at each grave a tree upon which the name of the deceased may be cut, as Virgil wrote ages ago:

> "The rind of every tree a name shall know,
> And as the rind extends the name will grow."

Soon there would be splendid groves of valuable timber all through the nation, ornamental and sanitary, instead of the unsightly and wasteful common grave-yards, or the extravagantly expensive cemeteries of Auburn and Greenwood. Two old grave-yards at Mt. Lebanon are planted with trees, with head-stones removed.

From an article published in the *Sunday Sun* Feb. 17, upon the Chibehas, a pre-historic people of South America, I quote: "According to Ballart, the mass of the people were buried with their jewels, arms and food, in the open country, with no other sign but a tree to mark their grave." Nothing new under the sun; what is has been, and what has been will be reproduced. The tree was rational; the burial of treasures and sacrifice of friends irrational. From some of those cemeteries vast quantities of objects of gold and deers'-horns have been taken. Near Bogota, 24,000 ducats' worth of gold were extracted at one time. In 1535, in the province of Carthagena, an immense number of burial-grounds were found, so ancient that tall trees were growing upon them, from which cemeteries the Spaniards are said to have realized a million ducats. Golden emeralds, medals, serpents, eagles, mitres and crosiers, crescents, bracelets, rings and beetle-shaped figures were found of the same metal. A golden porcupine, weighing five arambas and a half; also the image of a boy holding a stone for grinding music, all of gold. In a temple were found ingots, tiles, and figures of men, birds, serpents and insects, in fine gold.

Look at these ancient, pre-historic evidences of national customs in the earlier ages of the human race. Schliemann is unearthing treasures of Eastern people buried with the dead. Recently he took some $25,000 from one tomb, and altogether has made his immense labors pay. The loss to a nation with such irrational habits of burial is incalculable. Take ancient Egypt. The labors of her people, that were worse than wasted upon the dead, must have been sufficient to banish poverty from the whole nation. Her embalming of humans and animals was immensely expensive, enough so to have impoverished any other nation, not as rich as Egypt. Moses wisely reversed this whole national practice, and instead of embalming the dead made it a defilement to touch a dead body; and instead of a grave being a place to visit, it was a place to be avoided. For forty years the Israelites were buried in the wilderness, and their bodies went to enrich the land that furnished them their manna.

In an economical, national point of view, simple Shaker burials, with the planting at each grave of a timber-tree as above suggested, would save millions of property, now lost, and add millions in valuable timber to each coming generation, as the result of adopting a system of Rational Burials.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body is the foundation of all the honors paid to the body after the soul has left it. Spiritualism, which proves that the soul exists in spirit-life independent of the body, annihilates the doctrine of a physical resurrection. Shakers being Spiritualists repudiate the physical resurrection, and dispose of "remains" in accordance with the idea of "dust to dust;" hence their strictly Rational Funerals.

REMARKS.

The method of burial suggested in the above communication from ELDER EVANS has its advantages and economies; and as the editor of the *Pittsfield Eagle* says, "It would be a great relief to the poor and middle classes to have Shaker funerals as popular as Shaker brooms and garden-seeds." But we apprehend difficulties in the general adoption of the plan of marking every grave with a tree, and of converting the ground thus covered into public parks, as ELDER EVANS suggests. It would soon surround every large city with a dense forest, and in process of time would convert the habitable part of the globe into a wilderness. It is uneconomical of land, which may often be put to much better uses than the growing of timber or even of orchards. The method of cremation is not open to the same objections; and if suitable tombs were constructed for the reception of bodies for days or weeks after death and before cineration, it might grow rapidly in popular favor. But possibly even better methods may be suggested for the disposal of dead bodies. Chemists may yet find inexpensive preparations that will speedily dissolve them, and thus save them from "the worms" and "the fire."—ED. AM. SOC.

COMPLAINT AGAINST THE ANTS.

A Fable.

"I would'nt have any thing to do with those Ants, if I were you," said the conservative Beetle to the gay and festive Grasshopper.

"But why?" asked the Grasshopper, "they're kindly, honest insects, and mind their own business."

"What of that?" snapped the Beetle, "their principles are bad, and they set a bad example living all together, so. The natural order of the universe is that insects should live in small families as we Beetles do."

"I like 'em, anyhow," said the Grasshopper, "and wish all Grasshoppers were as well off as they are."

"O!" sneered the Beetle, "you think things ought to be different from what they are, do you? Going to turn a Socialist Reformer, are you? This comes of the pernicious teachings and examples of these Ants. They ought to be broken up!" and off he scrabbled, as fast as six wrathful legs could carry him, to where shrewd lawyer Spider resided.

"What do you want?" said the Spider, as he crossed his eight legs pompously.

"Want you to tell me how I can get an indictment before the Grand Jury of Beetledom against our neighbors, the Ants."

"*The Ants!*" exclaimed the Spider, "never heard any complaint of them before. What's up now? Some of them been getting drunk and making a row?"

"Oh, no," said the Beetle.

"Stealing, then, or murdering, or wife-beating, or something of that sort, eh!"

"No, indeed!" said the Beetle.

"Well, what then, getting shiftless, turning Tramps, any of them, and got to be sent to the Poor-house?"

"No-o."

"Been meddling with your affairs, or hurting you or yours in any way?" pursued the Spider.

"No-o-o," stammered the Beetle, "not that I know of."

"Don't they mind their own business, and ain't they quiet, tax-paying, peaceable citizens?"

"Ye-s-s,—that is—I suppose so," again stammered the Beetle.

"Then what under the sun, moon, and seven stars do you mean by talking about getting an indictment against these Ants?" wrathfully exclaimed the Spider. "Better look after your own affairs, and keep Beetles straight, I should think! I've seen lots of Beetles in my day sent to prison as drunkards, thieves, and wife-beaters, and hung as cut-throats, but I've yet to see one Ant who ever was convicted of any thing of the kind. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" and the Spider made a dive for the Beetle. But the frightened insect managed to get away, while the Grasshopper (who, on a plantain-leaf near by, had over heard the dialogue) called out, "Go to the Ants, thou Beetle, consider their ways and be wise."

LA BELLE FRANCE.

ED. SOC.:—It is fashionable to say the French have no word for *home*, and to disparage their domestic life and character. But they have words for the *homely* virtues which make a happy society, if any people have. So it struck me in reading lately an article in the American Almanac for 1878 entitled, "How the French paid the Thousand Millions." Every body should read this article, and the SOCIALIST could not fill its columns with more instructive matter. A friend who called my attention to it says, "I have not always been an admirer of *la belle* France, taking other presentations, especially of Parisian society; but in reading this article I suddenly fell in love with her. I saw there the secret beauty of this nation in its economy, its industry and its honesty, and this beauty seized my heart and set me a pining like a lover in his first pang." Evidently we must distinguish between Paris and France. The Almanac article states that the proportion of the rural population in France to the town residents is much greater than in England. Three-fifths of the French people live in the country, but only one-fifth of the English, and the proportion of Frenchmen who own homesteads and live on their own land is extraordinarily large. So if the Parisians live in a homeless sort of way, the rural districts of France are dotted over with little homes thicker than the same districts in England. My friend thinks it would be a fine thing if the whole United States could fall in love with France just now; *just now*, because we need so much the fellowship of her particular virtues at this time, and because she is doubtless more beautiful than formerly for having been humbled not long ago. It is not always the winning party who comes off best after a contest. I have marked for the SOCIALIST, if it please the editors, nearly half the article in the Almanac, recommending the whole to those who have a chance to read it.

H. R.

HOW THE FRENCH PAID THE THOUSAND MILLIONS.

From the American Almanac.

No event of modern times has excited more wide and genuine surprise than the ease with which the French people paid off the heavy war indemnity of $1,000,000,000 to Germany. It has been a puzzle alike to financiers, to statesmen, and to political economists, how a nation but just emerged from a most costly (though brief) military struggle, and whose annual expenditures exceeded its income, could raise so enormous a sum in cash in less than two years' time.

* * * * * *

There can be no doubt that to the general character for frugality, and the accumulated savings of the French people, must be mainly credited this great financial phenomenon of the nineteenth century. The enormous loans which the payment of the indemnity compelled the French Government to put upon the market were all promptly taken, and the greater portion of the money came from the French people. Five per cent. *rentes* or bonds to the heavy amount of $1,640,000,000 were all taken, at an average price of eighty-three per cent., thus making the interest to investors average six per cent. Not only so, but the second loan, of 1872, was so eagerly sought for that the subscriptions covered the amount called for thirteen times over, compelling the government to award the *rentes* among the subscribers *pro rata*.

All travelers in France in former years, as well as in recent times, unite in representing the French people as great economists. With them, not only does a very little money go a great way in supplying their wants, but the sums saved, even out of the slenderest incomes, represent a handsome surplus. Sir Robert Peel used to say that "in England there is one man in every five who spends all he gets, but that in France there is not one in forty who spends his income; the other thirty-nine lay something by." This observation has been actually verified by inquiring travelers as regards the agricultural population throughout France. And while it is not true in so extraordinary a proportion of the artisan population, and especially of those who earn high wages, the spirit of frugality is far more widely diffused in France than any other European nation. That profusion and waste which characterize the use of the means of living in England, and more conspicuously still in the United States, is quite unknown among the French people. Of what nine families of every ten would here throw away, a French family would make a variety of appetizing dishes; and it is literally true that French men and women would live, and live well, on the mere waste of American families. These habits of economy enable the people to lay up their little savings year by year, and it is well known that the public

funds are the most favorite means of investment with the peasantry. * * * * *

During all the recent enormous drain upon their resources, which has nearly doubled their national debt, there has not been heard any-where among the French people the slightest hint of repudiation. That which demagogues are continually preaching to the laboring-classes in England and in this country is practically unknown, even as an idea, in France, and, if it were broached, would be met with an almost unanimous cry of reprobation from one end of the land to the other. The French people look upon their public debt as an obligation sacredly due; and it is due in the larger part to themselves. * * * *

Another conspicuous element in that national prosperity which has brought the world to a wondering recognition of the vast resources of France is the recent development of her commerce. Since 1855 the foreign commerce of France has been considerably more than doubled. Her mastery of the finer mechanic arts and the perfection to which the processes of manufacture have been carried, are well known the world over. The frugality of her people is only matched by their industry. The whole country teems with productiveness. French fabrics are found in almost endless profusion and variety in all the markets of the globe. It is this constantly growing fertility of production, joined with the causes previously enumerated, which has enabled the French people to bear with such marvellous ease a burden which it was almost universally predicted would crush and overwhelm them.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878.

The spring months are likely to witness the inauguration of several Socialistic experiments. Coöperative settlements will be made in Florida, Texas and probably in other States. Small Communities are forming in Kansas, Missouri, New Jersey and elsewhere. The Industrial Home of Virginia, under the combined leadership of Joel A. H. Ellis and Col. Daniels, is to commence practical operations; (see Mr. Ellis's communication on another page); Anson A. Reid of Union, Conn., whose advertisement "To Socialists" has appeared a number of times on our last page, writes that land and buildings are offered for a Socialistic experiment, and all that is now wanted is "a few persons of the right sort," "with some capital," to take the lead; and there are also other similar projects on foot. As conductors of the American Socialist we can not do less than to chronicle the facts of Socialism as they occur, and we shall endeavor to do more, by pointing out what seem to us essential conditions of successful experiment; but we can not reasonably be expected to publish schemes that are manifestly ill-advised. We shall watch all experiments with lively interest, though we can not say that any of those now projected appear to us altogether promising.

Have those proposing to start Communities, Associations and Coöperative colonies and settlements, in the immediate future, given sufficient attention to the all-important questions of *character?* We occasionally receive communications from persons interested in the practical progress of Socialism which show no sign that the writers have given this matter any special consideration. But those who ignore it will sooner or later find that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Any form of close association with intractable, willful, self-seeking members in it, is about as undesirable a home as one can imagine. Make your standard of character high, carefully select with reference to it, and then you will have trouble enough when you come to live together and coöperate in labor and property. Mutual Criticism will be in demand, or some other effective means of improving character. The articles in "American Communities" on "The Communistic Standard of Character" and "Community Leadership" supply good preliminary reading for all who propose to engage in practical Socialism.

A feature of English Coöperation that is destined to grow in favor every-where is the "Provident Dispensaries." A weekly contribution of only one penny, through their means, insures to persons the best medical attendance in case of sickness. The members of such societies may rest in perfect assurance that they will, if overtaken with sickness, promptly receive all necessary medical attention, and that in case of recovery they will not have to discharge a heavy debt to the doctors, but can use their wages as before in procuring the comforts and necessaries of life for themselves and their families. These Dispensaries are to be multiplied in London, and we notice that some efforts are making to introduce them into this country.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

Our esteemed friend and contributor, Mr. E. T. Craig, of London, has sent us two interesting letters written by the hands of great men. The first was written by Robert Owen when he was eighty-two years of age, to Lord Goderich, now Marquis of Ripon, who was at that time (1853) one of the Christian Socialists. The letter has been preserved by Dr. Henry Travis, Mr. Owen's trustee. We copy it entire:

Park Farm, Sevenoaks, Kent, 8th June, 1853.

Dear Lord Goderich:

I am greatly obliged by the trouble which you have taken to present my petition to the House of Commons.

As that petition refers to public measures of deep and lasting interest to all parties, could you, with pleasure to your Lordship, ask for a committee to investigate the practical part of the subject, which I could fully place before it in two or three days of 3 or 4 hours each day?

It is greatly to be desired that a good debate could be raised in the House of Commons on the subject of education and employment combined for the working classes, the one to form a superior character, and the other to create a superfluity of wealth without competition or contests.

This is what society requires, and it will not rest satisfied until they shall be obtained and permanently secured.

I have the honor to be

Your Lordship's faithful servant,

Robert Owen.

To Lord Goderich,
No. 1, Carlton Gardens, London.

The other letter was written by John Bright to Mr. Craig, January 26, 1863. It is in a clear, round hand, very easy to read. It is marked "Private," Mr. Craig being then Editor of the *Leamington Advertiser*. It might not be proper to quote the whole letter, but it can do no harm to give the concluding sentence and the signature, which are as follows:

"The time will surely come when six millions of men in the United Kingdom will not appear to be content with a contemptuous exclusion from all political power.

"I am very resp'y yours,

"John Bright."

These letters will be carefully preserved, and we hereby tender our thanks to the donor. Apropos, our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Craig, who has been suffering from a severe illness for some weeks, is now convalescent and rapidly recovering.

A WOMAN'S SCHEME.

While the men are talking, talking, about the silver bill, the public debt, the hard times, etc., what a sensation it would make if the women of the country should rise in the plenitude of their power and save the nation from dishonor and the people from distress by *doing* something. They have a splendid chance. It is their chance if they will take it,

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes."

There are many things they could do in the way of economy, but there is one little thing which would go far to be enough, and that is, give up their *jewelry*—only that. Let the gold go into the mint, and sell the gems to people whose government is not in debt. The jewelry possessed by the women of the United States must represent millions and millions of money, but how little happiness it represents! What would the women lose by giving it up? Christian women—women professing godliness—would not lose any thing; on the contrary, they would gain an approving conscience, which is better inside the breast than the brightest gem that was ever worn outside. They would please Paul, whose exhortation to them is, not to adorn themselves with gold and pearls and costly array, but with good works. They would please Peter, who gives them similar advice. Beautiful women would not lose any thing, for "beauty unadorned 's adorned the most," no matter how trite the saying is. The heroines of fiction and the cynosures of painting and sculpture are never tricked out with ornaments. Homely women would lose nothing, for they can only please by simplicity and the transparency of their inward adorning.

The wearing of gold is a barbaric, Indian taste at best. Ear-rings are but one remove from the nose-jewels of savages. Men in their superiority have outgrown bedizening themselves long ago. It is a womanish man that displays a ring on his little finger, or glitter in any part of his array. Men are fond of gold watches, but if the women should start this movement it might provoke the men to emulation and make silver watches fashionable—a side result which would compensate for the value lost in converting the women's trinkets into money. By the way (it is a woman's question), what if the silver bill had been a bill in favor of silver watch-cases, taxing the gold, or in some way securing the difference for the U. S. treasury, would it not have been a better speculation?

There would be an uproar of course among the goldsmiths. They would cry for the space of two hours at least, "Great is the charm of Jewelry;" but it is impossible to start any reform without injuring some craft. The women are forward in the Temperance reform, though it throws needy men out of employment where-ever it prevails. We must go for the general plenty which good habits among the people will ensure, and let that take care of minor consequences.

The only mischance we see for our scheme is that what passes for gold in woman's ornaments may prove so much of it *wash* that the millions it now represents will fall to thousands or even hundreds in the mint. Pshaw! I would rather wear a glass button and done with it.

Prudence.

The *Positive Thinker*—the new paper mentioned in our 8th number—makes in its last issue the following good point:

"The charge of fossilization, frequently and justly made against the theologians by liberals, is unfortunately equally true of many free-thinkers. No sectarian was ever more hopelessly imprisoned in his creed than are some of the disciples of Paine! He has become to them what Christ is to the Christians, or Mohammed to the Musselmen. The result in both cases is arrested development, resulting in bigotry, narrowness, chronic discontent, and general inharmony. To both classes, the spirit of the language of Paul is peculiarly applicable, and should be heeded, by both: 'Leaving the things that are behind, and pressing forward to the mark of the high calling' in science and philosophy."

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH.

It is only a few months since the world heard the astonishing announcement that a machine had been invented by means of which persons who were ten or even a hundred miles apart could converse audibly with each other across a single telegraph wire. This was hard to believe, but it proved to be a fact, and the telephone has already superseded the telegraph in many situations, besides doing service which the telegraph could never do. Its possible uses are not yet half understood. New applications of its principle are constantly being devised by the restless brains of inventors. Prof. Thomas A. Edison, the noted electrician, of Menlo Park, N. J., has invented a contrivance which he calls a *phonograph*. It is nothing less than a speaking and recording telephone. Looking at it you see a small frame supporting an iron shaft cut with a screw; on one end of the shaft a brass cylinder, also cut with a fine screw; on the other end a crank to turn it with; just over the brass cylinder a mouthpiece somewhat like that of a speaking tube. At the bottom of this mouthpiece is a thin disk of metal. When a person speaks in the mouthpiece the vibrations of his voice jar the disk, which has in its center a fine steel point projecting towards the brass cylinder beneath.

Now, to operate the phonograph, first wind a sheet of tinfoil around the brass cylinder, the ends of the sheet just meeting; then talk into the mouthpiece any thing you like, at the same time turning the crank; the steel point in the center of the metal disk makes minute indentations in the tinfoil, corresponding to the stronger or weaker vibrations of the disk as the voice varies in force. Suppose the person speaking into the mouthpiece recites:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every-where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

Then, setting the cylinder back so that the little steel point in the disk shall again traverse the same path as before, turn the crank, and the phonograph itself repeats to you, audibly and distinctly,

"Mary had a little lamb," etc.

The reader will at once perceive the astonishing possibilities of this idea. Not only spoken words, but vocal and instrumental music can readily be reproduced by the machine. Copies of the tinfoil matrix can be made so that any person owning a phonograph can order the matrix of any speech, song, cornet solo, or violin solo, and immediately hear it reproduced by merely turning a crank! These matrices can be preserved for any length of time, and used until they are worn out. The machines themselves will cost about $100.

This account of the phonograph is considerably more difficult to believe than the first announcement about

the simple telephone, because it is so hard to conceive how a plain disk of metal can, by any possible vibrations, speak words so that they can be readily understood. But this also has been demonstrated to be a fact, and it opens an immense field for the imagination to design possible applications of the invention.

In a late interview with a *Sun* reporter, Prof. Edison, who by the way is a young man of only thirty-one years, suggested some of the uses to which his device will be suited, and they are so amusing that we copy them.

"Why," says Mr. Edison, "Adelina Patti can sing her sweetest arias, and by this instrument we can catch and reproduce them exactly as sung. The matrices can be copied the same as stereoscopic views, and millions sold to those owning the machine. A man can sit down in his parlor at night, start his phonograph, and enjoy Patti's singing all the evening if he chooses. The same with Levy's cornet playing. A matrix of his solos can be produced, and a million copies taken, and Levy's solos and Patti's arias can be given ten thousand years from now as perfectly and accurately as when these great artists were alive. If the last benediction of Pope Pius had been taken by the phonograph, the matrix could have been duplicated, and every true Roman Catholic on the face of the earth might have heard the benediction in the Pope's own voice and accentuation. There was a fortune in it. The matrices could have been sold at five dollars apiece.

"Poor churches in the country," continued the Professor, "might have these machines rigged up over their pulpits, and by using the proper matrices could have Dr. Chapin, Dr. Bellows, Beecher, or any other great theological light expound to them in their own voices every Sunday. Thus the poor churches would save their money, and get rid of the poor preachers. Nor is this all. A man in Europe has invented a machine by which he takes an instantaneous photograph. Let us suppose that he photographs Dr. Chapin every second, and we take down his sermon on the matrix of the phonograph. The pictures and gestures of the orator, as well as his voice, could be exactly reproduced, and the eyes and ears of the audience charmed by the voice and manner of the speaker.

"Whole dramas and operas," continued Mr. Edison, his eyes sparkling with excitement, "can be produced in private parlors. The instrument can be used in a thousand ways. Say I hire a good elocutionist to read David Copperfield or any other work. His words are taken down by machine, and thousand of matrices of David Copperfield produced. A man can place them in the machine, and lie in bed while the novel is read to him by the instrument with the finest grade of feeling and accent. He can make it read slow or fast, can stop it when he pleases, and go back and begin again at any chapter he may choose. A man who loved the music of the banjo or the fiddle could buy his matrix and listen to Horace Weston or Mollenhauer whenever he liked. He could have the whole of Theodore Thomas's orchestra if he wanted it.

"To a certain degree," said Mr. Edison, "the speaking phonograph would do away with phonography. A man could dictate to his machine whenever he pleased, turn the machine over to an amanuensis, and let him write it out. A lawyer through the machine might make an argument before a court, even if he had been in his grave a year. An editor or reporter might dictate a column at midnight and send the machine up to the compositor, who could set the type at the dictation of the machine without a scrap of manuscript. I tell you there is no limit to the possiblilities of the instrument."

One of the remarkable features of the invention is the fact that the diaphragm can be placed in steam-whistles and made to talk like a calliope. The captains of ships at sea miles away from each other could converse without trouble and correct their chronometers. The steam-whistle would throw any voice into articulate speech. With a metal diaphragm in the whistle of a locomotive the engineer could roar out the name of the next station in a voice so loud that it could be heard by every passenger on the train and by every man within a distance of two miles. Placed in a steam fire-engine, the chief engineer could talk to every foreman in the department without difficulty, no matter how great the uproar. A machine might be put up in the Jersey City Railroad depot that would shout, "This side for Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, and New Brunswick! Train on the left for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington! Show your tickets!"

"Why," said the Professor, "I could put a metal diaphragm in the mouth of the Goddess of Liberty that the Frenchmen are going to put up on Bedloe's Island that would make her talk so loud that she could be heard by every soul on Manhattan Island. I could drop one in a calliope and set it talking so that men could hear it miles away. Within two years you will find the machine used for advertising purposes. It will be sitting in the windows of stores on Broadway and other streets singing out, 'Babbitt's best soap,' '*New York Sun*—price two cents,' 'Brandreth's Pills,' 'Longfellow's Poems,' 'Ten cents for a shave!' and so on. There is no end to its uses. It will sing songs and whistle. A man has already made application to use the phonograph in cabs, so as to record the complaints of passengers. The Ansonia Clock Company of Connecticut have one in their manufactory this minute, and it shouts, 'Twelve o'clock!' and 'One o'clock!' so loud that it is heard two blocks off. One might be used as an alarm clock. If its owner wanted to get up at a certain time in the morning, he could set the alarm, and at the appointed hour the machine would scream, 'Halloo, there! Five o'clock! What's the matter with you? Why don't you get up?'"

HEATING A TOWN BY STEAM.

The experiment of heating a city by steam, which we have heretofore mentioned as going on at Lockport, N. Y., is now stated as having proved highly successful there. Three miles of pipe properly covered with non-conducting material, laid underground through some of the principal streets, radiates from a central boiler-house; and fifty different dwellings and other edifices, including one large public-school building, have been thoroughly heated all winter. Dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam-generator are heated as readily as those next door. Steam metres are provided, so that each consumer need pay only for what he consumes. It is claimed that the system can be so developed as to furnish steam at fifty pounds' pressure, transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, thus supplying power for engines and manufactories, and steam for cooking and laundry purposes, for clearing streets of snow and ice, for extinguishing conflagrations, or protecting hydrants from frost. The rates actually charged to the consumer do not exceed former cost of his coal and wood.

—*The Stockholder.*

A GERMAN NOVEL.

THE SECOND WIFE. From the German of E. Marlitt.

In our last number we had occasion to take exception to the common practice among novelists, of ending their tales with marriage and not enlightening us as to how the enamored pair, after having labored so assiduously to get together, have endured the close and unromantic contact of matrimony. Here is a novel that begins with a wedding, and depicts the experience of a noble German couple, who, having made a *mariage de convenance*, occupy the remainder of the story in finding one another out. The bride is a daughter of an impoverished but proud old family, and the bridegroom is a young and wealthy baron, who marries his second wife to revenge himself on the reigning duchess of the petty principality in which he dwells, who jilted him when a higher alliance was offered her. The young wife finds herself thrown unloved into a hot-bed of intrigue and jealousy, surrounded by disgraceful family secrets, and watched by suspicious eyes. From all of this she extricates herself, and finally wins the love of her husband; overcoming his pride and selfishness by the clear sincerity of her character and her downright truthfulness.

The moral of the story is, as we read it, that love may be won by sterling integrity and simple honesty, where the more common methods would fail; and this is more to our taste than any triumph of beauty or talent or wit. In fact, as we analyze the book a little more closely, we find that the first germ of love bestowed by the husband on the hitherto neglected wife came as the result of her showing him some of his radical faults in a frank and unsparing way. And this, after all, is as it should be. To be sure, it denotes a certain amount of inherent nobility of character and love of personal improvement in any one, to not only be willing to have his defects pointed out to him plainly, but to love the critic the better for it. Still, there can be no question that a love begun and stimulated in this way would be a thousand fold more durable and profitable to almost any person capable of loving, than the capricious fancies that thrive on flattery and indiscriminating admiration.

It is perhaps too much to expect that lovers will conduct themselves in this manner to any great extent, or that the novels as a whole will inculcate such philosophy; still it is pleasing to see now and then a sample of this better kind, either in theory or practice. For inasmuch as any permanent improvement in the human race must be the result of improved offspring, so we are persuaded that any improvement in the offspring must be the result not only of good physical but of good mental and spiritual conditions on the part of the parents. Hence we may infer that children springing from a couple united by a chaste, continent and self-denying love will be superior in all desirable mental and moral qualifications to those resulting from the union of two persons whose dominant motive is merely an intense desire to possess one another; and if we desire the improvement of the race, we should look to it that the conditions for begetting the men and women of the future are the best possible. We hold that a love which is fearlessly truthful in regard to its object is one of these conditions, and is a thing earnestly to be desired by all those who are anxious to do their part in making the future of society better than the past.

COMMUNISTIC SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Under this heading we will publish a list of the amounts sent to us to be applied in furnishing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to persons who are interested in Socialism but are too poor to subscribe for themselves. The donor can name the individuals to whom he would like the paper sent, or let us select from those who apply for the paper in this way. For every dollar contributed to this fund we will send a full volume of the paper to some worthy person.

Names.	*Amounts.*
Allyn Cox,	$5.00
Joseph Anthony,	2.00
Harlan Ingram,	1.00
D. Cummins,	1.00
Mary Findlay,	5.00
A Friend,	50.00
A. & M. Worrill,	2.00
T. S. Erwin,	1.00

CORRESPONDENCE.

Ayer, Mass., Feb. 23, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I more and more appreciate your valuable paper, so broad and unsectarian; so full of tangible proofs of the possibility of communal success, showing that something more than temporal interests are required. Religion is the mainspring and pendulum, and tells on the dial. When the weights run down and the pendulum ceases to reach its two extremes no disguise will hinder those who run from reading. The observer can see the dial better than the clock itself. It is a very good showing to stand at 12, but far better to keep the true time in each cycle. Communities need winding up and lubricating if not setting. To make success perpetual the two extremes must be reached. The happy medium of inaction is only another word for death.

Wishing you success in every good word and work that will make men pure and unselfish and this earth a paradise, I am with you, —— ——.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 17, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—The article in the last SOCIALIST, "Good Sense in Dress," was very suggestive. I have not seen the essay by Frances Power Cobb alluded to; but if you will look at some of the screens and fans of the Chinese and Japanese you will recognize the type of that classic beauty from which our modern civilizees derive the outlines of their costumes in chignons, high heels, flounces, tie-backs and trains. The title of the wife of the Chinese Ambassador to England is "The Tottering Lily of Fascination." That old bear, Sam. Johnson, years ago defined a fashionable and beautiful woman to be an intellectual oyster. There was no Darwin or Huxley in his day. I expect some of our fashionable ladies to introduce the custom of maiming the feet in childhood so that they may become "Tottering Lilies of Fascination" when they grow up.

Can't you give us some suggestions how to overcome the difficulty which all organizers of the Social evolution to Communism see, in the want of the "almighty dollar" to elevate us into the heaven of happiness and contentment? They talk as though such sums as $50,000, $100,000, $500,000, were essential to our salvation. Did the first Christians have any of these sums? Did the Harmonists, Zoar, Bethel, Amana, the Shakers, Oneida? I think the worship of the golden calf was what destroyed the brotherhood and unity of the Israelites and has permeated the whole civilized family since. Now as all true wealth is on and in the earth, and is to be acquired through man's intelligence and industry, I suppose that a body of highly intelligent, healthy young men and women, fully imbued with the afflatus of agreement for Communism, could get the loan of all the necessaries of life from the prosperous existing Communities, they sending a competent agent with the goods, to remain and assist the new Community until it could return the goods or their equivalent. I do not expect it would be "high jinks or junketing" with the experimenters at first, or for some time, but they would live nearer to God and more in harmony with the universe.

T. A. C.

STORIES OF POVERTY.

[It is good for the rich to see just what the poor have to go through. We have gathered from the members of the Oneida Community some narratives of pre-communistic experiences which we propose to present under the above title. Besides illustrating the distresses that are common among ordinary and "respectable" poor folks, these stories prove what we have often said of the O. C.—that it is not a select society of well-to-do people, but an average slice of humanity, in which all classes are represented and where the rich and the poor meet in equal comfort.]

XIII.

MR. F.'S STORY.

My father's life-business was school-teaching, which he followed for twenty-eight years; but he was finally compelled, on account of ill health, to seek other employment less confining. Having lived a bachelor until somewhat late in life, he had accumulated, before he finished teaching, about a thousand dollars; the greater part of this sum, however, he loaned to two friends and lost. After that his means of earning a livelihood became quite uncertain and irregular. Sometimes he traveled as agent for publishers of school-books; but occasionally he would be without any employment, and then his family would come very near actual want.

In the year 1845, and at about the time that father abandoned teaching, my mother died, leaving in his care two small children: my brother, aged twenty months, and myself, not quite two months. In the course of a year father married again, choosing a woman who proved an excellent mother to his children, although she never had any of her own. She possessed a happy, cheerful disposition; she was always contented, and, above all, she had a strong faith in God, which no amount of trouble had power to disturb. No matter how dark the future might seem, she was never despondent, but was as confident that her little family would be cared for as though she possessed a "house full of gold," to use one of her own expressions. She had the knack of making the most of what she had; she never threw any thing away that could be made useful, but often gave from her scanty means to those more needy. Whatever was left at one meal she recooked in some attractive form for the next, thus wasting nothing. One winter she provided us with the luxury of an occasional mince-pie in the following manner: My brother, who sometimes went to see grandmother, usually brought home two or three apples which she had given him. Mother would divide one between us and save the rest. When she had accumulated enough for her purpose she chopped them up with a little meat (also given to her), and thus made that indigestible but toothsome article of New England pastry. Sometimes she was reduced to greater straits than this, for she was obliged to sell clothing in order to get necessary provisions.

For several years mother had such poor health that she was scarcely able to stand, and yet, as we could not afford to hire assistance, she did all the housework herself. The only way she could sweep the floor was to sit down and brush as far as she could reach, then move her chair to another spot and do the same until she had gone over the whole floor. The weekly washing was more difficult to manage, but she contrived to do it without help.

I can not recall an old homestead crowded with childhood memories, which many find so much pleasure in doing, for we had no permanent abode. Father owned no house, but moved from place to place as his changes of business required, so that at different times we lived in Albany, Troy, Amsterdam, Utica, Binghamton, and Schenectady. We went to the latter place in 1857, a year of hard times and financial panic. After paying the expenses of the removal father had but three cents left in his pocket, and we were entirely without flour. He went to the store and asked to be trusted for a certain amount; but the dealers were unacquainted with him and refused to let him have it unless he could pay cash for it. At this juncture the wife of our landlord came to mother and asked for her large dish-pan. Mother let her take it, and soon she returned with the pan filled with flour. Before that was quite gone she filled the pan again, and then a letter came from a lawyer in Utica, with whom father had left a bad debt for collection, containing just enough money to pay for a barrel of flour. The kind-hearted lawyer had sent the whole amount of the debt, retaining no fee for himself.

During the following winter I "tended store" for our landlord, receiving $1.50 per week, which small sum was an important aid to our scanty means. Although during these early years we came repeatedly very near utter destitution, I never really knew what it was to suffer for good food or warm clothing. The latter, though plain and often patched, was always whole and comfortable; and in respect to food I was unstinted in quantity, though I was frequently obliged to forego butter and other luxuries, and eat my bread with sauce or molasses; but this I never thought a great hardship, and considering the present ideas concerning hygiene I may now look back upon it as a positive benefit to my growing constitution.

My brother and I were sent to school as constantly as possible, and when not there we worked in the garden or sawed and split the fire-wood, which was composed of hard, knotty maple and hickory sticks which father bought instead of coal. I well remember the satisfaction we felt when, on some Saturday afternoon, after making an extra effort, we had cut the last huge stick of a three-cord pile. As there were no girls in the family we were also accustomed to help mother in the house, setting and clearing the table, washing dishes, sweeping, etc.

When I was fourteen, father, finding himself unable to keep both his boys at home, accepted an offer from my uncle to take one of us for awhile on his farm in northern New Hampshire. The choice fell on me, and I was accordingly furnished with a pencil map of the route, money enough to pay my fare, and sent alone to my uncle's. There I remained three years, working on the farm in the summer and going to school in fall and winter. At the end of that time I visited home, and decided not to return to New Hampshire, preferring to work for wages that I might live near home. After sawing two or three cords of maple wood (for the inevitable wood-pile was still on hand) I went to the farmers in the vicinity of the city and found work at picking apples, etc. While thus employed I heard that no teacher had been engaged for the district school, and I mentioned the fact to father on returning home. He immediately insisted that I should apply for the situation, and went with me the next day to visit the trustee. I set out on this undertaking with great diffidence, as I was but seventeen and was by no means sure that I had any talent for the place; I was, besides, even more boyish in appearance than my years warranted, so that I felt small hope of success. The trustee, however, promptly accepted my offer, and I accordingly taught school that winter, "boarding around."

When the school closed in the spring I found a situation in a boiler-shop in the city. My foreman here was a hot-tempered Scotchman, who would occasionally scold and swear at the men without restraint. After working at this place a month or two I resolved to go to Brooklyn and learn the carpenter's trade with an acquaintance who was a builder there. The terms of apprenticeship, however, were such that father and I concluded we could not accept them, as I would receive little or no wages for three years, and I felt under obligations to earn something for the family. I therefore changed my purpose and went into a wholesale store and manufactory of hats, caps and furs on lower Broadway, New York. My position here was that of errand-boy and assistant to the shipping-clerk and book-keeper. I engaged for six months, receiving for the first three months $5.00 per week, and for the remainder of the time $5.50 per week. I found a boarding-house on the west side of the city, at Abingdon Place, the little square formed by the junction of Eighth Avenue and Hudson street. By taking a room in the attic I was obliged to pay but $3.00 per week for board. My washing cost 75 cts. per dozen, but I generally managed to get along without putting more than half-a-dozen pieces into the wash at once. This left me $1.60 per week for clothing, mending and incidental expenses. In about four months I changed my boarding-place. I wished to live nearer my business, as I had to walk two miles every night and morning; I also thought I would try the experiment of boarding myself. I engaged a room farther down town without board, paying $1.50 per week, and took breakfast and dinner at restaurants. At night on leaving the store I put some crackers and apples in my pocket, took a car for Cooper's Institute, and, standing on the front platform, ate my lunch as I went along. Arriving at the Institute I spent the evening in the reading-room, which was free, then went to my lodgings.

I followed this course for a month. I liked the freedom it gave me to spend my evenings as I chose, though the cost was about the same as before. The chief disadvantage of this plan was that I had no home. When the cold winter evenings came on I had no comfortable place to which to go, as I could not afford to keep a fire in my room. As I passed the warm, brilliantly lighted bar-rooms and other places of resort, and thought of my own cheerless apartment, they drew me with a wonderful fascination which I could hardly resist. Passing up Broadway one night my attention was arrested by a sign in letters of light, which read, "Free Concerts every Evening." I longed to hear some music, and so thought I would venture in. Pushing open the door revealed a bar which I saw at once must pay for the entertainment. It would not be honorable, I thought, to enjoy the music without buying a cigar or taking a drink, and as I could do neither without violating my conscience, I quietly withdrew. A vacancy occurring at a very nice boarding-house on King-st., I went there and spent the remainder of my stay in New York. Cold weather found me unprovided with an overcoat. It would take nearly all the money I had to buy one, and I consequently postponed the purchase as long as possible, hoping to be able to do without; but toward the close of December I felt that I could no longer endure the wintry weather without more clothing, and so bought a cheap coat for $13.00.

At the end of the six months of my business engagement I and all concerned were convinced that I was not cut out for a good salesman; and unless I could become one there was no use in my remaining longer with those who employed me. I therefore returned to Schenectady on the first of January. As a financial venture my stay in New York could hardly be called profitable, as I was able to send but $35.00 home; but I considered my experience good as a means of education.

For the remainder of the winter I took care of a horse, hot-air furnace, etc., for a wealthy widow living in the city and attended school a part of each day. During the following summer I found employment at the Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, at eleven shillings a day. My work was making cartridges for twelve-pounder cannon, which were sent to various departments of the army South and West. In the winter I again taught school. The next summer I entered the Locomotive Works in the city as helper to a blacksmith on the "light side;" but as my blacksmith was afraid he should be maimed for life by some of my awkward blows, I was soon appointed to help the tool-dresser. I continued here but a week, and then having reached the conclusion that the manufacture of locomotives did not hang entirely on my personal exertions, I went into a nursery near home and spent the summer in pruning and budding young fruit-trees.

In September, 1865, I passed examination and was admitted to the Freshman class of Union College. I had no tuition to pay, there being a fund for the benefit of students of slender means whose deportment and study were satisfactory. In the winter I taught school for two months under the direction of the city Board of Education, and then rejoined my class. Although my purse was at this time better furnished from the proceeds of teaching and other work than at any time before, I still had to dress plainly and wore in college clothes that had been given me by more well-to-do relatives, the fit of which was far from exquisite.

My mother had been for years a believer in Oneida Communism. She occasionally visited the Community, and was a constant reader of its publications. Her religion I knew made her happy. This led me to read the books in which she found so much comfort and although a member of the church I was soon a firm believer in the truths taught by Mr. Noyes. At the end of the college year, being twenty-one, I asked and received the privilege of becoming a member of the O. C., believing that by seeking the higher culture of heart and spirit I should in due time have all the intellectual discipline that I needed. The Community allowed me to send a weekly remittance to my parents until the death of my father, which occurred eight years afterward. My mother then sold her household stuff, paid what few accounts were due, and joined the Community school.

FICTION.

From *Scribner's Monthly.*

In the multiplied discussions of the nature and the offices of fiction, it is singular that reference is rarely made—almost never made—to the fictitious portions of the Bible. Every year or two the critics get at loggerheads over what is legitimate and illegitimate in fiction, over what is good art and bad art, over the question whether art in fiction may ever properly be charged with the burden of a moral or a lesson. There are some who go further than this, who go so far as to question whether religion and morality are legitimate material of art. These men may have a personal interest in the decision of the question, and we are inclined to believe they have such an interest. It is quite possible that people who have neither religion nor morality should object to the legitimacy of material which they would be obliged to borrow.

Aside from the Sermon on the Mount, a large portion, and, we believe, the most important portion, of the truth proclaimed by the great Master,—the founder alike of our religion and our civilization,—was delivered in the form of fiction. The "certain man" whom he used so much for carry-

ing the burden of his truth was always a fictitious man. A more symmetrically designed and a more exquisitely constructed piece of fiction than the story of the Prodigal Son does not exist in any language. We call it a parable because in one field of life it represents truth in another field of life. It conveys the truth which he desired to convey in the concrete. The gospel histories are begemmed by what may be called, without impropriety or irreverence, novelettes, and they are never constructed for the sake of their art, or for beauty's sake, but always as vehicles for conveying important moral and religious truth to men. Their art is perfect, simple as it is, but they assume to have no reason for being except the supreme reason of use.

The oldest novel in existence is probably the Book of Job. We presume there may be some men left who still read the Book of Job as a veritable history, but those who are capable of judging will simply place it at the head of the realm of fiction. That it is divinely inspired we do not dispute. Indeed, the establishment of its divine inspiration as a fact, rather than the acceptance of it as a matter of faith, would only strengthen the position we have always held, viz., that the highest fiction is that which the most competently carries the most valuable burden of truth. The writer of the Book of Job was a man who, in the dawn, as it were, of human history, revolved in a catholic, cultured and reverent mind the unequal dealings of God with men. Why did the good man have trouble? Job was an excellent man, "perfect and upright," stripped of every good, and the art by which the writer presents him as, one after another, his possessions are taken from him, and his friends discuss with him the great problem that vexes him, with all the machinery of dialogues between the Almighty and Satan, and the Almighty and Job himself, surpasses all the art of later times. Such imaginations and such descriptions, such conversions and arguments, such marvelous characterizations as are to be found in this great book, can be found nowhere else in the whole range of literature. It is a book that has commanded the admiration as well as the profound reverence of the greatest men who have ever lived, and it is a novel in all its essential features, even though we call it a poem.

The Book of Revelation is a novel, so far as it is an attempt to convey truth through typical forms and scenes and events. It is no record of facts, but a panoramic representation of conceptions born in, and addressed to, the imagination. In short, it is a creation of art—whatever may be its origin, whether divine or human—by which certain great, shadowy thoughts and ideas are attempted to be represented to the mental apprehensions or the faith of men. There are many devout believers in the inspiration of the ancient Scriptures who regard the story of the creation and the fall of Adam rehearsed in the Book of Genesis as any thing but a literal representation of historic facts. The essential truth is in the narrative, but it is represented in such a way that the simplest mind can apprehend and make use of it. The Song of Solomon is a very exquisite essay in the art of fiction. If the Books of Esther and Ruth are historical, they are certainly nothing to us but stories with morals, and very strong and beautiful stories they are. The names of Ahasuerus and Mordecai and Haman and Esther are nothing but names to the present reading world, which mean no more than those of Daniel Deronda and Ralph Nickleby and Clarissa Harlowe. Boaz and Ruth might be Abélard and Heloïse, or any other lovers. The two stories are to us simply stories, having no significance particularly as history, and no use, save as in an exquisite form of art they convey to us the moral lessons with which they are charged.

Now, it is quite possible that the majority of literary critics would not take the Bible as authority for any thing; but we submit that a book which lies at the basis of the best civilization the world has ever known, that has held the profound reverence of the noblest minds that have ever existed, that has inspired the highest art of eighteen centuries, that has gathered to itself the tender affections of countless generations of men, that has been the fountain of eloquence from which a million pulpits have drawn their supplies, that is so high and characteristic in its art that no attempt to imitate it ever has risen above the seeming of burlesque, is well worthy of the respect of literary men as a literary authority.

It is fair to conclude that when fiction is used in the sacred books it is used not only legitimately, but used in the best way it can be used. The truth is, that all this talk about writing stories for the sake of the stories, about fiction for the sake of art, about the impropriety of burdening a work of fiction with a lesson or a moral, is bosh and drivel. We do not dispute at all that a story may be written for the simple purpose of amusing the mind. We do not dispute that a story may legitimately be written in the interest of art alone. What we maintain is, that all this is petty business when compared with the supreme uses of fiction, *viz.*, the organization into attractive, artistic forms of the most valuable truths as they relate to the characters and lives and histories of men. A rose is beautiful and fragrant, and in its beauty and fragrance holds the justification of its being. But a field of roses would make a poor show, even in the matter of beauty, by the side of a wheat-field, every stalk of which is bending with its burden of substantial ministry to the wants of men. We simply maintain that the wheat-field is a better production than the rose-field. Let men raise roses if they can do no better. Let them raise pansies, marigolds, hollyhocks, any thing they choose, and let people delight in these who may, but don't let them presume to deny the legitimacy of wheat-growing, or assert the illegitimacy of all productions except flowers. With the facts relating to the prevalent bad art of stories with morals we have nothing to do. No good moral lesson excuses bad art, and no man has any right to burden such a lesson with bad art. If a man's art is not a royal vehicle for the progress of the moral he desires to honor and convey, then he has no call to be a novelist.

A gentleman who circulates considerably in society took it in his head to remark the adjectives employed by the persons —outside, of course, of his own family—with whom he came in contact. For a month he quietly noted, and a few months since he made up his report. The favorite adjective among all classes he found to be "great" which he heard pronounced within the time aforesaid 167 times. "Awful" and "splendid" ranked second and third respectively, the former being repeated 142 times and the latter 151 times; "fearful" followed 150 times, and "frightful" 140 times. "Fine" he heard 138 times, "gorgeous" 136 times, "grand" 134, "pretty" 134, and "beautiful" 133. Among the ladies he found the word "lovely" to be an adjective held in high esteem, and which was applied to every thing. It fell on his ears 198 times, and four times he heard it expressed by men. In comparison, the superlative degree was employed the most, 218 times, the comparative 143, and the positive 97 times.—*Ex.*

"KNAVES make it their boast that they can readily fathom honest people; the truth is, they only half comprehend them. Honest people have sentiments, as do certain languages, reputed easy, which are full of mystery, of refined delicacy, inaccessible to the vulgar mind. A commercial trader often learns to speak Italian in three weeks, and yet never really knows the language."—*Samuel Brohl and Company.*

RECEIVED.

CAUSE AND CURE OF THE HARD TIMES. A paper read before the Philadelphia Social Science Association Jan. 17th, 1878. By R. J. Wright.

THE JANISSARY OF LIGHT. A Weekly Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Working-Classes. Published by Janissary of Light Coöperative Publishing Company, San Francisco, California.

LA MISSION DES FEMMES. Par Mille R. Compte Rendu par l'Auteur de la Societe d' Amour Pur. Paris: E. Dentu, Libraire-Editeur. 1876.

AUX FEMMES, REPONSE A QUELQUES OBJECTIONS SUR L'AMOUR PUR. Paris: E. Dentu, Libraire-EDITEUR. Palais-Royal, 15, 17, 19 (Galerie D'Orléans), 1878.

L'AMOUR PUR CONFIRME PAR LES EVANGILES. REFLEXIONS SUR QUELQUES TEXTES PAR L'AUTEUR DE LA SOCIETE D'AMOUR PUR. Paris: E. Dentu, Libraire-Editeur. 1878.

TRAVELER'S OFFICIAL GUIDE OF THE RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION LINES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. March, 1878.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST OF GENUINE SHAKER GARDEN-SEEDS, grown at Shakers, Albany Co., N. Y. The original Seed-House, established 80 years ago.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK. With numerous Illustrations. J. C. Clearleigh, Publisher, No. 217 Broadway, New York.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

Silver has been remonetized only a little after all.

Fire-proof beams are now made of iron cased in concrete.

Hoity-toity Spring has come and made us all a little tipsy.

Look out for skunk cabbage and "the dollar of our daddies."

There, I must get some garden-seeds to-morrow, and buy a new hoe!

Hot silver dollars will be coming right along, with the legend, "In God we trust."

The Cubans in New York have closed up their agency and gone out of the insurrection business.

The Albany magistrate could not make up his mind that the Eddy brothers were mountebanks.

Bayard Taylor's friends and neighbors at Kennett Square, Penn., have been giving him a kindly send-off.

Benjamin F. Wade, one of the old soldiers for the right, savagely upright and unlovely, has gone to his death.

The Governor of Virginia has vetoed a repudiation bill. May that State have the blessing of many such Hollidays.

The President did not think it would do any good, but then he had to be true to his convictions and do his duty.

The Connecticut Board of Education does not propose to take children till they are five years of age. Right again.

James Gordon Bennett proposes to send his yacht *Pandora* after the north pole. It will go by the way of Spitzbergen.

The President has sent Gen. Leonard of Louisiana to Cuba to see if any of our colored folks have been kidnapped and sold in that island.

Returning-board Anderson will have to go to the penitentiary of Louisiana, and stay there two years, unless his friends can find some way to get him out.

The Mormon Legislature of Utah has passed an election law which virtually disfranchises all the Gentiles in the Territory. Governor Emery is said to have signed it. "Check."

A doctor living at Sandy Hill comes forward and tells how he and a companion lived on about 24 cents' worth of provisions each a day, while attending lectures in New York city.

A machine that will knit stockings in one piece at the rate of one a minute has been invented by a Swede of Rockford, Ill. A boy can operate twelve machines, and make the cost of stockings one cent for thirty pairs.

The next Report of the Department of Agriculture will have a plea for the trial of olive-culture in this country. The dry regions of the South and West ought to give the olive a trial, and find a substitute for pork-fat and butter.

"A spiritual dollar" is the thing we shall have to come to. It is made of any thing you please; it will exhibit itself in this sphere as something like a greenback; it will be based on confidence, and that article can be mined to any extent.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, lawyer, Washington, has got a bill through the House, allowing any woman to practice law in the Supreme Court of the United States who has already been allowed to practice in the Supreme Court of any State.

The Johns-Hopkins University, of Baltimore, now has seventy-seven students. One of the specialties of the institution is the "Seminares" or association of advanced students, guided by a director in the prosecution of special researches.

Judge Peck, of Wyoming, is charged with appearing on the bench with his hair parted in the middle. A show of impartiality entirely specious and uncalled for, and not to be tolerated—'tis a sign of indecision. It is well known that a fair-minded man always parts his hair on one side or the other, sooner or later, if not before.

Mr. John W. Barron, the cashier of a bank at Dexter, Maine, suffered himself to be beaten and shut into his bank-vault till it killed him, rather than give the robbers the information necessary to enable them to open the safe and get at the funds. We mention this partly for its novelty, partly because it is the only thing good which we have heard of a savings-bank for some time.

Stewart's Hotel for working-women will be opened this month. It is not intended for persons who can board themselves on a shilling's worth of provisions a day. The charges will be from $6 to $10 per week. It has 502 sleeeping-rooms, to say nothing of spacious parlors, reception-rooms and dining-saloons. The Library has nearly 3,000 volumes, besides all the conveniences for writing.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is an old man now, and he has sung his "*Terminus*" or the end. He is still an optimist and hopeful for America. In his lecture which he lately read in Boston he says, "The fact that we are a nation of individuals with a highly intellectual organization, that we can see and feel moral distinctions, and have such organizations that moral law and moral forces must be heard and felt, these things are our hope."

The silver bill has become a law of the land. The House passed it over the President's veto by a vote of 196 to 73—and not a word said in debate. Then it was taken to the Senate, where after a little delay to get the lumber bill out of the way, it was passed by a vote of 46 to 19, and not a word said. We can have rest now and watch the experiment. We have got by theory and argument and have come to the *experimentum crucis.*

The House Committee on Indian affairs has reported in favor of giving the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The Committee is not sanguine about the red man. "Look," say they, "even at the boasted progress of the five civilized tribes. Banish from the territory to-morrow all the whites and mixed bloods that are there, and all progress and improvement is at an end. The farms will grow up for want of culture. The schools will disappear. The churches will be closed and go into decay; and in a very few years the full bloods would relapse or rather return to their primitive barbarism."

The President's message giving his reasons for not signing the silver bill is a dignified paper, and without any trace of feeling beyond an earnest desire to guard the nation against any taint of dishonor. It is no surprise to any one who knows the man and has read his first annual communication to Congress. The veto message reïterates the views he then expressed on the question of remonetizing silver. The 412½-grain dollar, he says, is not equal to the gold dollar; to pay any part of the national bonds issued previous to Feb., 1873, in silver, would be a violation of contract; the bill is defective because it does not make any exceptions to protect private contracts; the silver dollar should be made a legal tender only at its market value. In conclusion, he says, "It is my firm conviction that if the country is to be benefited by silver coinage, it can only be done by the issue of silver dollars of full value, which will defraud no man."

Elihu Burritt proposes to ease the present distress by bringing land and labor together. On the one hand, he would enable the great land-holding railways to pay off their debts, and on the other he would relieve the centers of

population of their surplus workmen. "Let those companies," says he, "plant settlements of a hundred families each on the lands granted them near their lines. For every family or householder," so planted, "they shall be credited $1,000 on their account with the Government. Every settler shall be allotted 100 acres of land for his homestead, for which $400 shall be allowed the company. The $600 to be advanced might be divided; $300 for the best house of logs or weather-boards which that amount would build; a horse, harness, cart, plow and smaller farming tools, $200; provisions, $50; transporting family and their household effects, $50. Thus, for a settlement of 100 families, the railway company would receive a credit of $40,000 for 10,000 acres of land sold back to the Government at $4 per acre. Then it would be allowed $5,000 for conveying the settlers to their location.....Every settlement of 100 families would, therefore, cost the Government $100,000 and the company $50,000 in money and $50,000 in land, transportation, etc." The incidental advantages to the company must be omitted here.

FOREIGN.

The Khedive of Egypt don't know how to live within his means.

I think if any pie is going to be given out Austria ought to have some.

The British talk war and buy sand-bags and such things all the time.

The leaders of the insurrection in Cuba are believed to have sold out to the Spaniards.

The insurgents in Epirus have lately won a victory over 2,000 Turks at Kukulis, killing 200.

The French Assembly has just passed a bill allowing the Government to borrow $80,000,000 for the purpose of carrying on needed internal improvements.

Paris is going to have a system of underground railways. Twenty-one million dollars are to be furnished by the General Government, the department of the Seine and by the City of Paris.

McCloskey was too late to have a part in the election of a Pope. He could only kneel to the papal toe and say that he had no reason to regret the lateness of his arrival—the election was so excellent.

England thinks she has a first mortgage on that Egyptian tribute, and very naturally she was somewhat taken aback at the Russian proposal to have it turned over to the Czar for a security. At the present time it is paid into the Bank of England and used to meet the interest on the Turkish bonds.

Leo XIII. is just as infallible as the other man. You needn't look for any mistakes on his part in the way of nineteenth-century nonsense and progress. It isn't known whether he will play the part of an irreconcilable to the Kingdom of Italy and pretend to be a prisoner in that splendid old picture-gallery and museum, the Vatican.

The war of the diplomats continues. Russia is still urging Turkey to sign the terms of peace. In the mean time she has been sending on more troops—30,000—to the neighborhood of Constantinople. The Grand Duke Nicholas is at San Stefano, only seven miles from the city, and the pickets of both armies are in fraternal relations. There is no end of conjectures on the situation.

Later.—Peace was made on Sunday, the 3d, but the terms have not been disclosed.

The British War Office has gone so far as to pick out Lord Napier, of Magdala, as Commander-in-Chief in the field if the war begins. Sir Garnet Wolsey will be his Chief-of-staff and crowning jewel. The latter gentleman has looked around and expressed his opinion that England can find 414,000 men to put into the field. She will need an ally then, and it doesn't look as if Austria were able either to stand up stiffly or sit down quietly.

George Elliot probably has the ear of more people than any other living story-teller in the English language. Do you want to see her? If you do, here is a pen-drawing of her by a new hand: "She is not handsome. Her face is long, pale, with a sensitive mouth. Her eyes are a vivid, warm, blue-gray, full of depth, now keenly perceptive, now dreamily introspective, always full of sadness. Her hair, worn low, gives a womanly effect to a finely intellectual forehead. Her general expression is that of wearied sensitiveness."

Dr. Klunzinger, a German observer and resident in Egypt, says of the nations in that country: "Let us pick out at random a man belonging to the common people of Upper Egypt and divest him of his modern outer dress (loose shirt and turban); let us strip him of his undoubtedly thick varnish of Mohammedanism, or it may be of Christianity; take from him his pipe, his coffee and his beard; and there stands before us a genuine native [Pharaonic] Kemi. He will be sure to exhibit the same slim yet strong limbs, the broad chest, the same type of face with its broad cheeks, projecting lips, wide nostrils, and almond eyes; also the same solid, shaven head, and, in spite of all the buffets of Fate, at bottom the same inherited nature. In Upper Egypt, too, we find, lastly, a multitude of individual customs and usages dating from the great Pharaonic period."

Advertisements.

SOCIALISTIC LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. By John Humphrey Noyes. One vol., 8vo., 678 pages, on heavy tinted paper, bound in cloth. Price, $3.00.

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